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SERIES. Issued Quarterly.
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OCTOBER, 1900. No. 61.



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DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price is Given.

COMEDIES, MELODRAMAS, Etc.		M. F.
All that Glitters is not Gold, 2 acts, 2 hrs.	6 3	
Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance, 2 acts, 1 hr.	6 3	
Beggar Venus, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	6 4	(25c)
Blow for Blow, 4 acts, 2 hrs.	5 4	
Bonnybell, operetta, 1 h. (25c).	2 5	
Caste, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	5 3	
Chimney Corner, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.	5 2	
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs.	7 4	
Diplomates, 4 acts, 3 hrs. (25c)	5 5	
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	8 4	(25c)
Early Vows, 2 acts, 1 hr. (25c)	4 2	
East Lynne, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	8 7	
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Enchanted Wood (The), 1 hr. 45 min., operetta. (35c)	5 6	
Eulalia, 1 h. 30 min. (25c)	3 6	
From Sumter to Appomattox, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min. (25c)	6 2	
Fruits of the Wine Cup, temperance, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6 4	
Handy Andy, Irish, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min.	8 3	
Home, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	4 3	
Jedediah Judkins, J.P., 4 acts, 2 hr. 30 min. (25c)	7 5	
Lady of Lyons, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	8 4	
London Assurance, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	9 3	
Lost in London, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	6 3	
Louva the Pauper, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	9 4	
Michael Erle, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 m.	8 3	
Mitsu-Yu-Nissi, Japanese Wedding, 1 hr. 15 min.	6 6	
Money, 5 acts, 3 hrs.	9 3	
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4 6	
Not such a Fool as he Looks, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	5 3	
Odds with the Enemy, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	7 4	
Only Daughter (An), 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.	5 2	
On the Brink, temperance, 2 acts, 2 hrs.	12 3	
Our Country, 3 acts, 1 hr.	10 3	
Ours, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.	6 3	
Out in the Streets, temperance, 1 hr. 15 min.	6 4	
Peet of Parsons' Ranch, 5 acts 2 hrs.	9 3	
Pocahontas, musical burlesque, 2 acts, 1 hr.	10 2	
Rivals, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min.	8 4	
School Ma'am (The), 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	6 5	
Sea Drift, 4 acts, 2 hrs.	6 2	
Seth Greenback, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.	7 3	
Shadow Castle, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min. (25c)	5 4	
Soldier of Fortune, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 20 min.	8 3	
Solon Shingle, 1 hr. 30 min.	7 2	
Sparkling Cup, temperance, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	12 4	
Ten Nights in a Barroom, temperance, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	7 4	
Ticket of Leave Man, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min.	8 3	
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min. (25c)	7 4	
Toodles, 2 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.	6 2	
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2 1/4 h. (25c)	8 3	
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	5 4	
Under the Spell, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min. (25c)	7 3	
Wedding Trip (The), 2 acts, 1 hr.	3 2	
Won at Last, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	7 2	
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs	6 3	
FARCES AND SKETCHES.		
Assessor, sketch, 10 min.	3 2	
Babes in Wood, burlesque, 25 min.	4 3	
Bad Job, 30 min.	3 2	
Bardell vs. Pickwick, 25 min.	6 2	
Beautiful Forever, 30 min.	2 2	
Blind Margaret, musical, 30 m.	3 3	
Borrowing Trouble, 25 min.	3 5	
Breezy Call, 25 min.	2 1	
Bumble's Courtship, sketch, 18 min.	1 1	
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2 2	
Christmas Ship, musical, 20 m.	4 3	
Circumlocution Office, 20 min.	6 0	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8 0	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 min.	3 2	
Cut off with a Shilling, 25 min.	2 1	
Deception, 30 min.	3 2	
Desperate Situation, 25 min.	2 3	
Dutchman in Ireland, 20 min.	3 0	
Fair Encounter, sketch, 20 m.	C	
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	
Free-Knowledge-ist, 2 acts, 25 min.	3	
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 m.	4	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	
Hard Cider, temperance, 15 m.	4 2	
Homeopathy, Irish, 30 min.	5 3	
Ici on Parle Francais, 40 m.	4 3	
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.	4 0	
I'm not Meself at All, Irish, 25 min.	3 2	
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8 0	
In the Dark, 25 min.	4 2	

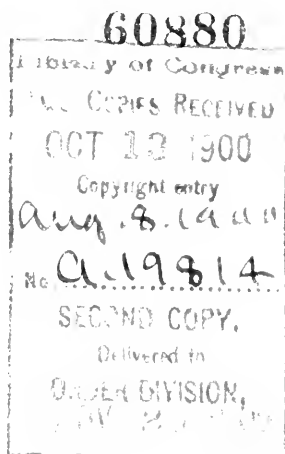
T. S. DENISON, Publisher. 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

THOSE DREADFUL TWINS

A FARCE COMEDY

BY

W. C. PARKER



WITH ALL THE STAGE BUSINESS FROM THE
AUTHOR'S PROMPT BOOK

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER
163 RANDOLPH ST.

THOSE DREADFUL TWINS.

FOR LAUGHING PURPOSES ONLY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOSIAH BROWN, a deacon of our church. 153531
DEACON WHITEBECK, of the same church. 16183T5
SHERIFF O'BRIEN, one of the boys. 1900
LYNX, the detective, always on deck.
JOHNNY BROWN, one of the twins.
RASTUS, out of a job.
MRS. JOSEPHINE BROWN, looking out for No. 1.
JOSEPHINE BROWN CLIFFORD, JOSIAH's daughter.
BECKY GREEN, an energetic member of our church.
FANNY BROWN, another one of the twins.
N. B.—The twins are grown up.

Time of playing, two hours.

BILL OF PLAY.

ACT I.—First appearance of the TWINS at DEACON BROWN'S. They make things hot. The Parson's present. SHERIFF in the wrong house. LYNX, the detective, who never detects. A bushel of fun and mystery. Making up a case. "A plot against her life." "It'll make me the most famous detective of modern times." The DEACON on his muscle.

ACT II.—"They have her body, the villains." The mysterious box. The suspicious wife and the deserted daughter meet. "Good land! we hain't told the folks where the picnic was to be." The "spiked" lemonade and a tipsy deacon. "They've been standin' in the sun." Lynx in his great act of stealing the bather's clothes for purposes of identification. *Specialties.*

ACT III. "Oh, what a difference in the morning." Rastus, on guard for "s'picious characters;" throws Josiah out. Enter Lynx. "Hush! not a word." "I ain't sayin' nuffin'." "You must come with me." Arrest of Rastus. Lynx the irrepressible runs down Sheriff O'Brien. "Where is the body?" CLIMAX.

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COSTUMES.

JOSIAH—Old trousers, tucked in well worn boots. Sack coat. Cotton handkerchief around neck, slouch hat. Bald wig and gray whiskers.

DEACON—Tight trousers. Large shoes. Red flannel shirt with white cuffs attached. Dickey and white collar. Tight fitting Prince Albert coat, old silk hat.

SHERIFF—Light trousers. Shabby shoes. Short coat, buttoned up tight. Low comedy wig, part bald. Very red face. Large rings around eyes. Very low crown, light Derby hat, too small for him.

JOHNNY—Knickerbockers, black stockings, low shoes, light blouse, sailor cap. Typical small boy.

RASTUS—Typical makeup of blackface low comedian.

MRS. BROWN—Flashy dress, stylish hat, up-to-date appearance.

JOSEPHINE—Neat traveling dress, and hat to match.

BECKY—Old-fashioned gown and bonnet, old-maid wig with long curls, old umbrella and work-bag, a plain bald wig under the old-maid wig.

FANNY—Knee dress, black stockings, low shoes, white apron, hair frizzed, a suitable child's hat. Typical small girl.

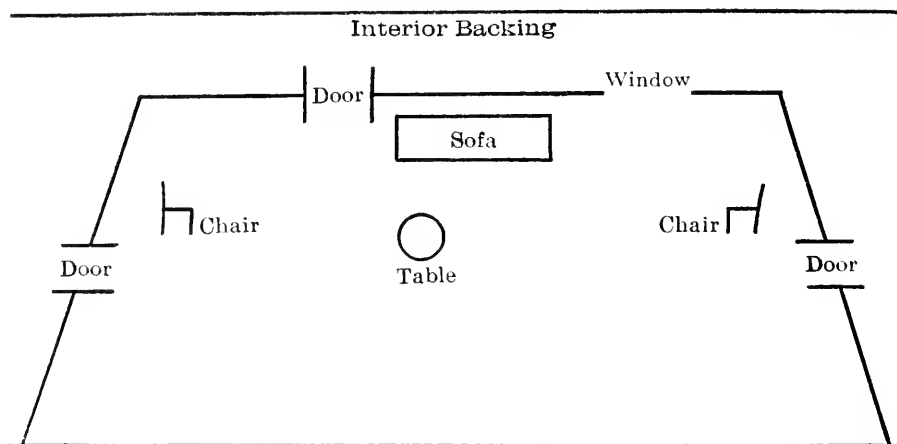
PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Goggles, watch and letter for **JOSIAH**; work-bag for **BECKY**; empty bottle; burnt cork in **BECKY**'s bag; piece of rope for **FANNY**; small brush for **FANNY**; powder rag for **BECKY**; bed blanket for **SHERIFF**; pretty flowers for **JOHN** and **FANNY**; note book and pencil for **LYNX**.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

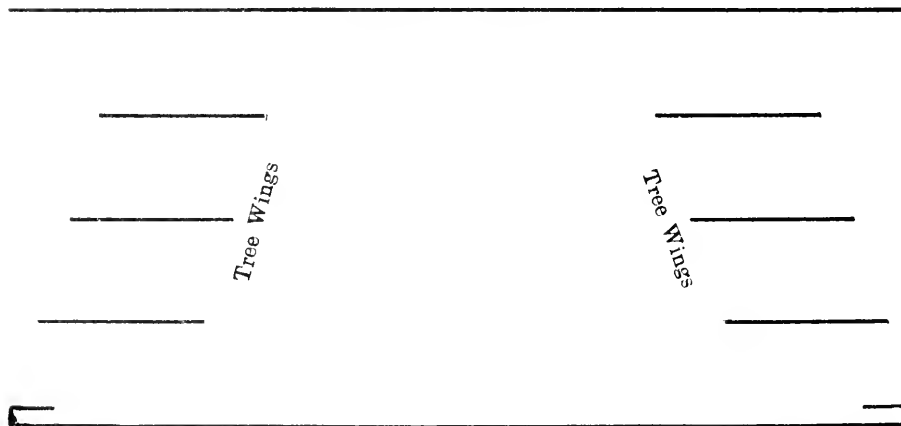
R means right of the stage; *C* center; *R C* right center; *L* left; *R D* right door; *L D* left door, etc.; *1 E* first entrance; *U E* upper entrance, etc.; *D F* door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; *1 G* first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

Act I and III



Act II

Landscape Backing



NOTE.—Amateurs are free to produce this play, but the Publisher reserves the sole professional stage right.

THOSE DREADFUL TWINS.

ACT I.

SCENE. *Sitting-room in home of JOSIAH BROWN. Boxed in 3. Door in flat, R. C., Doors R. 2., L. 2., Table, C., Chairs, R. and L. Sofa, back, C. General furnishings of an ordinary sitting-room.*

ENTER JOSIAH, *door L.*

JOSIAH. I made an engagement fer Deacon Whitbeck and Becky Green ter assemble here at ten o'clock ter arrange fer the Sunday-School picnic and a donation to ther parson's wife. (*Looks at watch.*) It's nigh onto half past now. (*Sees letter on table.*) Hello! here's a letter. Maybe from Becky. Like as not she's sick. (*Takes letter, opens it, puts on goggles.*) I'll be goshed-hanged ef I remember any sech writin' as that. But it's addressed to me, all right. (*Reads.*) "Josiah Brown." That's me ter a dot. (*Reads.*) "Dear Sir: Your evident neglect has assumed sech a brutal aspect that I can forbear no longer. I shall send you the children (*wipes perspiration from forehead*), as I can no longer support them (*staggered*) myself. By the time this reaches you, they will be left at your door by one whom I can trust. (*Staggered at the accusation.*) See that you care for them. Do not attempt to seek me, for I shall leave this detestable spot forever. May God forgive you, I cannot. Farewell forever, from the one who loved you so well—Josephine Brown." (*Sighs.*) Well! That is a hummer. Tired of supportin' her children an' goin ter send 'em to me. (*Knock heard.*) Come in—come in.

ENTER DEACON, *door R. C.*

DEACON. Good mornin' Josiah. Sorry ter be late, but I had ter—(*notices JOSIAH's strange manner.*) Why, what's the matter, Josiah? Aint lost nothin', have ye?

JOSIAH. No, Deacon, it's worse'n that. I'm going ter git somethin'. (*Knock heard.*) Come in.

ENTER BECKY GREEN, *door R. C.*

BECKY. Mornin', JOSIAH. (*Very low bow.*) Mornin', Deacon. (*Comedy bow.*) I hope I sees you both well. (*Notices JOSIAH.*) Why, Josiah, what's the matter—be you sick? (*Puts work-bag on table.*)

JOSIAH. No, but I'm a goin' ter be. 'Tain't right ter intrude my troubles on others, but I felt's though I had a right to confide in sech old friends as you be. So here goes. (*Hands letter to BECKY.*) Read that. (*All get together. BECKY and DEACON very curious.*)

BECKY. (*Reads.*) "Josiah Brown, Dear Sir: Your evident neglect has assumed sech a brutal aspect that I can forbear no longer." (*To JOSIAH.*) Why, Josiah, who've you been neglectin'?

DEACON. (*Anticipating scandal.*) A-ha! (*Aside.*) I always did suspect that Josiah had a skeleton in the family somewhere.

BECKY. (*Reads.*) "I shall send you the children." (*Draws a long breath.*) Gracious me!

DEACON. (*Aside.*) Children, eh? I thought so.

BECKY. (*Reads.*) "As I can no longer support them myself." (*To JOSIAH.*) Why, Josiah, what you been a doin'? Anything on the sly?

JOSIAH. Read on Becky, read on.

DEACON. I'm afraid she's already read too much, Josiah Brown.

JOSIAH. (*Surprised.*) Why, Deacon, what do you mean?

DEACON. Ain't it enough to know that a man we've all trusted—a deacon of our church—

JOSIAH. (*Starting for DEACON—angry.*) Deacon Whitebeck, how dare you?

BECKY. (*Separating JOSIAH and DEACON.*) Stop right whar you are. Wait till I finish the letter. (*Reads.*) “By the time this reaches you, they will be left at your door by one whom I can trust. Do not attempt to seek me, for I shall leave this detestable spot forever. May God forgive you, I cannot. Farewell forever, from the one who loved you so well.” (*To JOSIAH.*) What's this? (*Reads.*) “Josephine Brown.”

JOSIAH. (*Groans.*)

DEACON. (*Gives one long whistle.*)

BECKY. Why, Josiah, that's your darter.

JOSIAH. That's what comes hard, Becky.

DEACON. Why, I thought she was married so happily.

JOSIAH. Just what I thought. But what puzzles me is how she knowed where to send that letter. You know I ain't writ to Josie since I moved.

BECKY. Josiah, don't you see, she's got your address out'n the new directory. Her husband has run away from her, an' she's been makin' her own livin'.

JOSIAH. Then why didn't she come home ter her dad, an' bring the twins, instead of havin' a stranger leave 'em on the doorstep, like a peck o' apples from the grocer's.

BECKY. It's her pride, Josiah. Pride—poor gal.

JOSIAH. Poor gal? She'd better never darken my door again. I can fergive most anythin', but to run away from them pretty little twins is unwomanly. It's—it's—ef I must say it—it's cussed.

BECKY. I'm sorry fer them twins. I remember what

nice, quiet little chicks they was. Why, do you remember when the parson baptized 'em, he spoke of 'em as bein' absolutely heavenly, an' everybody has spoke of 'em ever since as them Dreadful Twins, just to be contrary.

JOSIAH. Yer right thar, Becky, they be Dreadful Twins, an' I'll care for 'em an' bring 'em up the best I know how. (*Sidling up to BECKY.*) Now, ef you'd only be Mrs. Brown, how nice we could bring 'em up.

DEACON. (*Other side of BECKY.*) Ef Miss Green was my wife, I wouldn't mind makin' a home fer them twins myself.

BECKY. (*Shy, pushing them away.*) Oh, you two boys! Always talkin' love an' sech nonsense to me. Why, ef you had your way, the first thing I know, I'd turn into a regular Mormon. (*Terrific noise heard outside.*)

JOHNNY. (*Outside.*) Let go my hair, or I'll slap your face.

FANNY. (*Outside.*) Shut your mouth, or I'll kick your shins. (*Louder noise heard.*)

JOSIAH. What's that?

BECKY. It can't be!

DEACON. It's evidently them *Dreadful Twins*. (*The door R. C. bursts open and JOHNNY and FANNY appear fighting. Each trying to enter first. They get dead locked in the door. They fight, scream, kick, etc.*)

BECKY. Land sakes alive! What awful brats!

JOSIAH. Stop it! stop it! stop it! (*Goes to twins. Separates them.*) Why don't you mind when yer spoken to? (*Shakes them.*) Now, who are you, and what do you want?

JOHN AND FAN. (*Together.*) We're the twins.

BECKY, JOSIAH AND DEACON. (*Together.*) The twins!

BECKY. Well, I never!

JOSIAH. (*Holding the twins out at arm's length.*) Gewhili-ikens! How they have changed. (JOHN and FAN. *howl together.*) Now what's the matter?

JOHN. (*Howls.*) I want my pa!

FAN. (*Howls.*) I want my pa!

BECKY. Poor children. They're crying for their daddy.

FAN. (*Howls louder.*) I want my pa!

JOHN. (*Louder.*) I want my pa!

FAN. (*Stopping suddenly. Points to DEACON.*) Oh, get on to the guy.

JOHN. (*Same. Points to JOSIAH.*) Oh, look at the whisk-ers! (*Imitates wind whistling.*)

FAN. (*Points to BECKY.*) Oh, what a funny old maid.

JOHN. How'd you like to kiss her? (JOHN and FAN *sick.*)

DEACON. And them are the *Dreadful Twins*.

BECKY. Gracious, Josiah, I'm afeared you're a goin' ter have your hands full.

JOSIAH. I'm afeared so, Becky, I'm afeared so.

FAN. (*Points to DEACON.*) He looks like a squash.

JOHN. (*Points to DEACON.*) No he don't, he looks like a lobster.

DEACON. Children, you should remember to speak respectfully to your elders.

JOHN. Aw forget it.

DEACON. I can stand it no longer, Josiah. I'll go home. It's too much for my dignity. (*Looks severely at the TWINS and exit door, R. C.*)

JOHN AND FAN. (*Together walking down R. imitating DEACON.*) Oh, it's too much for his dignity. (*Comedy.*)

JOSIAH. Stop! stop, I say (*to FANNY*). Now, you sit thar. (*Places her in chair. To JOHN.*) And you sit thar. (*Places JOHN in chair with the back to FANNY'S chair.*) I'll

separate you an' see if that'll keep you quiet a minute, while I think what's goin' to be done with you.

BECKY. Why, the deacon's gone an' we hain't said a word about the Sunday-School picnic and the donation fer the parson's wife.

JOSIAH. So we hain't. Well, if you'll attend to these children a few minutes, I'll go an' fetch him back. (*FANNY pulls JOHN's hair. He yells. She jumps up and slaps him.*) Stop it! stop it, or I'll knock yer heads together. (*Separates them and throws them back into their seats.*)

BECKY. Gracious, what a racket!

JOSIAH. (*To BECKY.*) What do you think is the best present we can git the parson's wife?

BECKY. Why, a statu (*statue*) by all means. A statu of Minervy ef you can git one.

JOSIAH. That's jest what I think; an' ef the deacon 'll only agree, we'll git the statu o' Minervy. Jest think what a surprise it'll be to the parson's wife.

BECKY. I'll bet she'll weep fer joy. (*During the above the twins have been tickling and hitting each other, knocking heads together, etc., and working up to another fight.*)

JOSIAH. (*Running at them.*) Stop it. Can't you keep quiet a minute?

JOHN. It's her fault.

FAN. Tain't either. It's all his fault.

JOHN. Tain't either.

FAN. 'Tis too.

BOTH. Ya, ya, ya, ya!

JOSIAH. Stop! I tell you. Now you children must keep quiet and mind you don't worry Miss Green, who is kind enough to stay with you.

BOTH. Ya, ya, ya, ya!

JOSIAH. Did ye hear what I told ye? (*Shakes them.*)

Now keep quiet or I'll shake the hide off'n ye. (*Bangs them down.*)

BECKY. Don't forgit that the present must be kept a secret, so's to surprise the parson's wife.

JOSIAH. No, Becky. Mum's the word. (*To TWINS.*) Now, mind what I tell ye! You keep quiet! (*Exit door R. C.*)

FAN. (*Watches JOSIAH exit.*) Miss Green!

JOHN. Oh, she don't look green.

FAN. Oh, no, she ain't a bit green.

JOHN. Greeny green.

FAN. Greeny—greeny—greeny—green.

BOTH. (*Yell together.*) Greeny—greeny—greeny—green. (*Ad lib.*)

BECKY. (*Holding her ears.*) Children! children! Don't you know it's wrong to make so much noise? Now ain't you sorry?

BOTH TWINS. (*Together—fake crying.*) Boo—hoo—hoo—Oh, yes, we're sorry.

FAN. (*Slapping JOHN.*) Shut up! What's the use of lying?

JOHN. Boo—hoo—hoo. You lied first.

FAN. I didn't.

JOHN. You did.

BECKY. Children, children! Can't you keep quiet a minute? Now, my dears, I'm goin' to read the paper. Behave yourselves and I'll tell you all about the news.

BOTH TWINS. (*Together.*) What do we care about the news?

FAN. (*Takes BECKY'S work-bag from table. Hastily mixes up the contents. Comedy of displaying some of the contents.*) Oh, the old maid uses powder.

JOHN. (*At table.*) Here's some ink.

FAN. Let's put the ink in the face powder.

JOHN. (*Turns the ink in the powder box and returns bottle to table.*)

FAN. (*Puts bag back on table, goes up stage, picks up piece of rope. Goes to BECKY, looks over her shoulder.*) Oh, see the picture. What is it all about? (*Puts the rope around BECKY'S waist and ties it behind the chair.*)

BECKY. Don't you know it's ill-mannered to look over anyone's shoulder?

FAN. 'Tain't either.

BECKY. Don't you contradict me.

FAN. I will all I want to. (*Runs to window—looks out.*) Oh, see the drunken man. Come on, Johnny, we'll have some fun. (*JOHN runs up stage.*)

BECKY. Come back here, this instant.

FAN. Why don't you come and get us?

BECKY. Come here, I say.

THE TWINS. (*Together.*) Ya, ya, ya, ya! (*Twirl their fingers at BECKY and exeunt door, R. C.*)

BECKY. The little rascals. I'll have to punish them. (*Starts to follow the TWINS. Is fastened to chair. Comedy of trying to get up, whirling around, etc. Finally discovers the cause, and releases herself.*) Gracious, my face is just burning up with all this excitement. I'll have to use some powder. (*Takes work-bag and applies the powder (burnt cork); comedy of applying it, etc. Puts bag on table. The TWINS yelling outside.*)

BECKY. I wonder what they're up to now. If I follow them they'll run away from me. I'll have to go around the back way an' drive 'em in just like sheep. (*Exit door, L.*)

FAN. (*Puts her head in door, R. C., looks around, calls off.*) All right. (*Motions to JOHN to enter.*)

ENTER SHERIFF, intoxicated, led by JOHN and FAN.

SHERIFF. Hic—want—go home.

JOHN. That's what we're doing. Taking you home.

SHERIFF. Want—go home.

FAN. What are you talkin' about. You're home now.

SHERIFF. Whoop. (*Nearly falls.*)

FAN. Steady there—now, steady. (*The TWINS dump the SHERIFF into a chair down R.*)

SHERIFF. (*Snoring, going to sleep, muttering.*) Want to go home.

JOHN. Now you've got him, what are you going to do?

FAN. (*Takes brush from table.*) Oh, here's a brush, get the ink.

JOHN. I turned it all in the powder box.

FAN. Well, then, get the powder box. (*JOHN gets BECKY'S powder box, the burnt cork is dampened sufficiently to apply with brush, holds the box for FANNY. FAN paints black streaks all over the SHERIFF'S face.*)

SHERIFF. (*Half asleep.*) Let me 'lone. (*Hitting flies, snoring, etc. The TWINS place brush and ink bottle on table and get behind SHERIFF, laughing at him, etc., ad lib.*)

SHERIFF. (*Snores especially loud and wakes up.*) Where am I?

FAN. You're right in your own dear little home.

SHERIFF. Phwat are yez doin' here?

JOHN. Oh, we're the new servants.

SHERIFF. Oh, ye are, are ye? Hic—faith, it's a foiner noite. Hic—somebody discharged me old servants, an' enchanged new ones. Hic—everything's changed around so I wouldn't recognize me own home. Hic—take me to me room. (*The TWINS raise the SHERIFF and let him drop on chair. Then raise him up, pull the chair away and let him fall on the floor. Then raise him up and fire him out door, R.*)

FAN. Here comes the old maid.

JOHN. If she catches us she'll lick us.

FAN. Oh, who cares for her lickins. Come on, John, and see the fun. (*Grabs JOHN by the ear and runs down behind sofa, up R.*)

ENTER BECKY, *door L., her face still black.*

BECKY. If them twins are lost, I suppose I'll be held responsible. Gracious! what a lot of trouble they are. I went out on the street and a crowd collected and laughed at me. (*Looks at her dress, etc., for the cause.*) I don't see why. I never was laughed at before. I declare, I'm all tuckered out. (*Sits L.*)

ENTER SHERIFF, *door R., wrapped in blanket.*

SHERIFF. Hic—I can't find divil a bit of me clothes to change. (*Intoxicated through this scene. BECKY sees SHERIFF, jumps up, screams. The table is between BECKY and SHERIFF and each time one moves the other moves in the opposite direction, each afraid of the other.*) (*Aside.*) That's funny. Hic—a woman in the house. Hic—an' me an old bachelor. (*To BECKY.*) Hic—an' what are ye doin' here?

BECKY. I'm here at the invitation of Josiah Brown.

SHERIFF. Then yer in the wrong house, mum. There's no one here be that name.

BECKY. (*Aside.*) The brazen thing! (*To SHERIFF.*) Get out, man, get out!

SHERIFF. Hic—perhaps ye don't know who I am.

BECKY. No, I must say I don't.

SHERIFF. That's funny. I don't know you, either.

BECKY. Sir!

SHERIFF. But to spake the truth, Hic—I'd like to. (*JOHN and FAN., blowing putty at SHERIFF and BECKY, they dodging same during this scene.*)

BECKY. I'll have you to understand, sir, that I'm a respectable maiden lady.

SHERIFF. Be you the mother of the new servants?

BECKY. You're a brute, sir!

SHERIFF. Hic—how spirited you are. Hic—faith, I'm fond of spirited cratures when I go to buy a horse.

BECKY. How dare you compare me to a horse.

SHERIFF. Faith, I wouldn't compare ye to a horse.

BECKY. Oh! oh!

SHERIFF. Hic—I mane I couldn't compare ye with a horse. No, no, I mane that you—that the horse—hic—that—hic—oh, I don't know what I mane.

BECKY. I should say you didn't.

SHERIFF. Hic—you see—a horse is a noble beast.

BECKY. Not another word!

SHERIFF. Well, a horse is an animal.

BECKY. Stop, I say—

SHERIFF. An' ye are—hic—ye are a more lovely crature than any horse.

BECKY. What?

SHERIFF. No—no—no—no—hic—a horse has four legs.

BECKY. Another word and I'll horsewhip you!

SHERIFF. That'll be a horse on me. Hic—faith, yer a daisy. (*Going toward BECKY.*) Come to me arms, me dumpling.

BECKY. (*Screaming.*) Keep away, keep away! (*Exit door, R. C. The TWINS dance around, yelling with delight. Tease SHERIFF.*)

SHERIFF. What the divil do all these people mane by runnin' through me house? Faith, I'll put thim all out. (*Stumbles around after JOHN and FAN. JOHN and FAN. tease SHERIFF and exeunt door R. SHERIFF comedy of trying to reach door R. Falls over chairs, etc. Finally stumbles out door R. Noise of falling heard.*)

ENTER MRS. BROWN, door R. C.

MRS. B. So that is the house of my truant husband! He has the children all right. I left them at the door, and saw them enter the house. Then motherly devotion asserted itself and I decided to share my dear hubby's evident stroke of luck. I have engaged Lynx, the detective, to take up the case. Beware, Josiah Brown! The sleuths are on your track and it'll cost you a good sum to get rid of me. (*A specially may be introduced here by MRS. BROWN if desired.*)

ENTER LYNX, door L. *Sneaking around stage in a mysterious manner.*

MRS. B. (*Seeing LYNX, frightened.*) Oh! a man!

LYNX. (*Mysterious.*) Hush! Not a word! I tracked you here!

MRS. B. Tracked me? Gracious! My husband is having me followed.

LYNX. Hush! You are Mrs. Brown?

MRS. B. (*Frightened.*) Yes—

LYNX. Hush! Not a word! I am in disguise. I am Lynx, the detective! (*Poses in a ridiculous manner, legs crossed, one hand up, the other on breast.*)

MRS. B. What, Lynx the great detective? I never would have thought it.

LYNX. Hush! Not a word! Where is he?

MRS. B. This is his house.

LYNX. Hush! Not a word! (*Grabs MRS. B. by arm and walks her R. with long strides, which she is compelled to take to keep up. Stops in front of door R.*) Wait for me in that room. I'll stay here. See how the land lays. Jud, my man! Land him sure. Have no fear. Remember I am here. I, Lynx, the detective. Hush! Not a word. (*Pushes MRS. B. off door R.*) Hum. (*Looking around the room.*) Nice place—got money—new woman on the string—tired of

old one—cost him tidy sum to get rid of her—make a note of it. (*Pulls out notebook, writes in it. Noise of scuffle heard, MRS. B. screams, enters door R., runs up stage, screaming, and exit door R. C.*) Remember, I am here. (*SHERIFF staggers on door R. and out again.*) Aha! Accidentally met her husband—undoubtedly assaulted her—another charge against him—make a note of it. (*Writes in notebook.*) Conceal myself—await developments. (*Gets behind sofa R., popping up.*)

ENTER SHERIFF, door R., wrapped in blanket, intoxicated.

SHERIFF. Oh, I'm so sleepy. What do everybody bother me fer. Faith, it must be New Year, an' the whole neighborhood has turned out to call on me. (*ENTER JOSIE door R. C.*) Faith, here's another.

JOSIE. (*Aside.*) This must be the place. I hope I've found father at last. (*Coming down C.*) Pardon me, sir, for intruding—

SHERIFF. Oh, don't mind me. Faith, yer only the sixteenth one that's called.

JOSIE. Does Josiah Brown—

SHERIFF (*Aside.*) Another one to see Josiah Brown. (*To JOSIE.*) He ain't here. He's gone. Hic—faith, I think he's dead. Begorra, I hope he's so. (*Intoxicated.*)

JOSIE. (*Aside.*) Father dead? He hopes so! Gracious! What has happened? Oh, my poor father! (*Crying.*)

SHERIFF. (*Aside.*) Oh, I'm so sleepy. (*To JOSIE.*) Ye'll have to excuse me, mum, I'm so sleepy So I wish you a happy New Year—hic—an' good luck to ye.

JOSIE. Happy New Year! (*Aside.*) He must be insane! (*LYNX has been popping up from behind sofa, trying to hear what is said, and reaches over so far that he loses his balance and falls over, still keeping his eyes on JOSIE. JOSIE sees LYNX, screams. Exit door R. C.*)

SHERIFF. That's what the last caller did. Begobs, some-one must have turned loose a whole lunatic asylum. Hic—divil a bit I care. Let them enjoy themselves, an' I'll do the same. Oh, I'm so sleepy! (*Stumbles off R.*)

LYNX. (*Coming down C.*) He won't be so gay when I nab him. I couldn't catch the drift of his conversation with that woman, but I suppose it's another deserted wife. She shed tears enough. Bigamy, eh? Another charge against him—make a note of it. (*Writes in notebook. Specialty introduced by LYNX if desired.*) Someone coming. I'll conceal myself. Hush! Not a word. (*Hides behind sofa.*)

ENTER JOSIAH and DEACON, door R. C. *Coming down C.*

JOSIAH. I tell ye, Deacon, the best way to git her out of the way is to git a closed carriage.

LYNX. (*Popping up. Aside.*) A plot against her life. (*Writes in notebook.*)

DEACON. (*To JOSIAH.*) I don't know about that. What'll her husband say?

JOSIAH. Oh, I can easily fix it with him—he'll do whatever I say, as long as we work the game all right.

DEACON. Well, I don't see any use of carryin' it 'way down to Indian Bend. Can't we do it just as well up here?

JOSIAH. Why, 'twon't be no trouble 'tall. We can pull off the arms an' legs and ship the body separate.

DEACON. Yes, but that'll make it more liable to be found out.

JOSIAH. No 'twon't. An' anyhow, no one 'll suspect us of doin' it.

DEACON. That's so, there's only three of us in the secret. (*LYNX pointing, writing in notebook, etc.*)

JOSIAH. Hush! Don't talk so loud.

DEACON. That reminds me. What be ye goin' to do with them twins?

JOSIAH. Oh, just leave them to me. I'll get them out of the way all right.

DEACON. Well, come on then; let's engage the carriage. (*Exit door C.*)

JOSIAH. (*Calling off.*) Wait a minute, 'till I git some money. (*Exit door L.*)

LYNX. I've run against the most diabolical plot ever concocted! If I can succeed in arresting this pack of villains, it'll make me the most famous detective of modern times. (*Reads notes.*) Get woman out of the way! Pull off arms and legs! Take body in closed carriage to Indian Bend! The most lonesome spot on the river; but I'll be there! I, Lynx, the detective! I'll frustrate their plans. I must run to the police station and call out the reserve! First, I'll see if the leader of the gang is safe. (*Looks off door R.*) He's asleep! (*Goes up.*) Hush! Not a word! (*Exit window.*)

ENTER SHERIFF, *door R.*

SHERIFF. Why the divil can't they let me sleep? The nixt mon that disturbs me, I'll fire him out the windy.

ENTER JOSIAH, *door L., sees SHERIFF.*

JOSIAH. What are you doin' in my house? Git right out!

SHERIFF. Git right out, is it? I'll show ye how I'll git out. (*Runs JOSIAH through window, glass crash.*)

ENTER JOHNNY and FANNY, *door R.*

FAN. Oh, ho, look at the Indian!

JOHN. Ugh--ugh--much big chief.

SHERIFF. More bother. Faith, I think it's crazy I am.

ENTER DEACON, *door C.*

DEACON. Where's Josiah?

SHERIFF. More bother! (*Grabs* DEACON.)

DEACON. Stop, sir! You offend my dignity.

SHERIFF. Offend your dignity, is it? Take that for yer dignity. (*Grabs* DEACON, *struggle, work out door C.* *Noise heard of falling down stairs. Enter door C.*) Faith, I'm afraid his dignity has had a fall. (*JOHN and FANNY make faces at SHERIFF. SHERIFF chases them.*) Oh, I'm so sleepy. (*Exit door R.*)

FAN. Oh, what fun we are having.

JOHN. Wait until the old maid catches us.

FAN. Oh, bother the old maid! (*Double specialty. Exeunt door L.*)

ENTER LYNX, *window.*

LYNX. Hush! Not a word! Lynx is on deck again. (*Goes stealthily to door R., looks off.*) The leader of the gang is still asleep. I'll fasten the door so he can't get away. (*Locks door.*) Ah, great head! Who but Lynx would think of that? Now for the police station. Hush! Not a word! (*Exit window.*)

ENTER DEACON C., *all broken up.*

DEACON. Such treatment as I have received! It quite offends my dignity. Ah, I see—Josiah an' me are both in love with Becky Green. He's jealous of me, and has hired a villain to throw me down stairs, kill me, and thus get me out of the way.

ENTER JOSIAH C., *all broken up.*

JOSIAH. Oh, my leg! Oh, my back! Oh, my head!

DEACON. What do you mean, sir, by such conduct?

JOSIAH. I—I—I don't know.

DEACON. Well, I do. You hired a big, ugly brute of a man to throw me down stairs, but you shall suffer for this assault.

JOSIAH. Throw you down stairs?

DEACON. Yes, you needn't deny it. Oh, I know your scheme.

JOSIAH. No sech thing. Why, Deacon—

DEACON. Ef it wan't fer my religious scruples, I'd give you a lickin'.

JOSIAH. Wall, ef it comes to that, I licked you when I was a youngster.

DEACON. But ye can't do it now.

JOSIAH. Can't, heh? Wall, by gosh, there's nothin' like tryin'. (*Pulls off coat.*)

DEACON. You dare me, eh? (*Pulls off coat, showing red undershirt to which is fastened white collar and cuffs. JOSIAH and DEACON spitting on hands, squaring off, making bluff feints, etc., supposed to be fighting, but never hit each other.*)

ENTER JOHN and FANNY, door L.

FAN. Oh, look at the jay fight!

JOHN. Fight! fight! fight!

FAN. I'll bet on the red.

JOHN. Aw, go on, he ain't in it with the jay.

JOSIAH. (*With tremendous effort aims a blow at DEACON, but hits JOHNNY instead.*) There, now!

JOHN. (*Running R. holding eye.*) Oh, why don't you hit a fellow your size?

FAN. Go on! Hit him! Hit him one for me!

JOHN. What's the matter? Are you afraid of him?
(*Puts on one of the coats.*)

DEACON. (*Rising.*) Josiah!

JOSIAH. (*Rising.*) Deacon!

DEACON. Ain't you ashamed to act like a child?

JOSIAH. I am ef you be.

SHERIFF. (*Outside R.*) Let me out! Let me out!

FAN. (*At window.*) Oh, here comes the old maid!

DEACON. Gimme my coat, quick! (*Grabs coat.*)

JOSIAH. That's my coat!

DEACON. It's mine, I say. (*JOSIAH and DEACON struggle for coat. Each gets an arm in sleeve, pulling, swinging around, meeting, glaring at each other.*)

SHERIFF. (*Out R.*) Let me out, or I'll break the door down!

ENTER BECKY, *door C.*

BECKY. Where be them Twins? (*FANNY, on chair C., pulls off BECKY's wig and puts it on herself.*)

SHERIFF. (*Breaks open door R., stumbles on, still in blanket.*) What the divil is all this? (*BECKY screams. JOSIAH and DEACON struggle to get to SHERIFF. JOHN and FANNY jump around in glee.*)

LYNX. (*At door C., pointing two revolvers.*) I arrest you all in the name of the law.

TABLEAU—QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. *Wood scene with landscape backing, green baize down. Wood wings, R. and L.*

ENTER LYNX, *L.*

LYNX. Foiled again, and all through forgetting to load my pistols. But I am here, still on their track. (*Looking off.*) They haven't arrived yet, but when they do I shall be here. Little do they suspect that I, Lynx, the detective, will be here to prevent the execution of their vile plot. Aha! they come; they have a long box; it undoubtedly contains the body; they have succeeded in murdering her; I was too late to save her life, but I'll hang the murderers. Hush! Not a word! I'll conceal myself. (*Exit R. 3.*)

ENTER JOSIAH and DEACON *L., carrying long box.*

JOSIAH. Hist your end up a bit, Deacon, you're strainin' my arm.

DEACON. Whew! This crazy idea of your'n 'll be the means of breakin' my back.

JOSIAH. Oh, pshaw, it'll do you good to get a little exercise.

DEACON. I can't go another step.

JOSIAH. Don't let go. The statue 'll break if you drap it. We'll put it right on that knoll over there, where it'll be easy to unpack.

DEACON. (*Groans.*) Oh, my back.

JOSIAH. Steady now, steady. I'll sing to cheer ye up. (*Sings.*) John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave. (*Exeunt R. 2.*)

ENTER LYNX, *R. 3.*

LYNX. They have her body, and the villains are brutal enough to sing about it. But they're caught at last, their diabolical plot nipped in the bud. But first I must get tools to open that box, and then I'll confront them with the evidence of their crime, and arrest them in the name of the law. Hush! Not a word! (*Exit U. L.*)

ENTER JOSIE, *L. 2.*

JOSIE. I thought I saw my father pass in a carriage. I only caught a glimpse of his face, but I am sure it was he. I just met the same carriage returning empty—oh, I do hope I will find him alive.

ENTER MRS. B., *R. 3.*

JOSIE. Ah, perhaps this lady can give me some information. (*To MRS. B.*) I beg your pardon, do you happen to be acquainted with a Mr. Josiah Brown?

MRS. B. (*Starting.*) Josiah Brown! What do you know about Josiah Brown?

JOSIE. Why, he is my father.

MRS. B. Your father? (*Aside.*) The wretch! He must have had a grown up daughter when he married me.

JOSIE. Do you know him?

MRS. B. Know him? I should think I do, to my sorrow. Why, he is my husband.

JOSIE. Your husband?

MRS. B. Yes, and worse than that. He willfully deserted me and his two young children. But I'll have the law on him—the sleuths are on his track. He won't be at liberty to practice his deception much longer.

JOSIE. (*Aside.*) Gracious! What has father done? Wife—children—desertion—law—sleuths—deception. I must see the family lawyer at once. (*To Mrs. B., with effort.*) Thank you, Miss. (*Exit L. U.*)

MRS. B. Mrs. Brown, if you please. Oh, the villain, to deceive me so! I wonder what has become of that detective? They told me at the police station he was out this way somewhere. Perhaps my husband is hiding in the vicinity. I'll walk a bit further and see what is going on. (*Exit R. U.*)

ENTER JOSIAH and DEACON, *R. 2.*

DEACON. Oh, my back is broken.

JOSIAH. Never mind, it'll soon be all right. Just think, we've got the statue out here—took it out of the box and put it together long before the folks arrived.

DEACON. Is Sheriff O'Brien goin' to make the presentation speech?

JOSIAH. Yes, an' wan't it funny he should get into my house by mistake?

DEACON. It was, by hookey.

JOSIAH. An' the worst of it was, none of us knew him. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha. I suspect them twins had

somethin' to do with his carryin' on the way he did. I tell ye, Deacon, they're cute uns.

DEACON. Funny the folks don't come. What d'ye say ef we go down to the river an' get a drink while we're waitin'?

JOSIAH. I don't care ef I do. (*Exeunt U. R.*)

ENTER LYNX, *U. L., with shovel, pickax, etc., an armful.*

LYNX. Aha! now to force open the box, identify the body and arrest the villains. Hush! Not a word! (*Exit U. R.*)

ENTER BECKY, JOHNNY, *L. 2*, FANNY. *Each carrying boxes.*

BECKY. Now put down them boxes carefully, or you'll spile the lunch.

JOHN. You ain't goin' to stop here, are you?

BECKY. Yes, this is where the picnic will be held.

FAN. I thought we was goin' to the river.

BECKY. This is near the river.

FAN. 'Tain't either. (*Throws down boxes.*)

BECKY. Don't contradict me, an' be careful of them boxes.

JOHN. I want to go to the river. (*Both yell, want to go to river—river.*)

BECKY. Now be quiet, or I'll take you back home.

FAN. We won't go home.

JOHN. I don't want to go home. (*Both throw all the boxes at BECKY and exit R.*)

BECKY. Them pesky twins 'll be the death of me yet, ef they keep on with their tantrums.

ENTER JOSIAH and DEACON, *U. R.*

BECKY. Mornin', Josiah; mornin', Deacon.

JOSIAH. Why, Becky, where's the folks?

BECKY. Ain't they come yet?

DEACON. No, an' it's funny they hain't, too. (JOSIAH suddenly bursts into a laughing fit. BECKY and DEACON surprised) Why, Josiah, what's come over you?

BECKY. He ain't suddenly gone mad, has he?

JOSIAH. (*Still laughing.*) We—(*laughs*) we—(*laughs*) we've all been so tarnation careful to keep that 'ere statue business a secret that we've—(*laughs*) we've—(*laughs*)

BECKY. Gracious sakes alive, we never told the folks where to come to the picnic.

DEACON. Now what'll we do?

JOSIAH. Do? Why, we'll have to do without 'em.

BECKY. We're here, an' we may as well have a picnic while we're about it.

JOSIAH. But the fun of it is we'll have to carry that ere statue back to town again.

DEACON. And my back'll be broken.

JOSIAH. Here comes the Sheriff.

ENTER SHERIFF, *U. L.*

JOSIAH, DEACON, BECKY. Good mornin', Sheriff.

SHERIFF. A mighty good mornin' to ye all. Faith, it's a treat to be lookin' at ye out of sober eyes. Begorra, the last time we met I was that under the weather I could see a quarter dozen of each of ye. But where's the picnic?

BECKY. Oh, them boys (*indicating JOSIAH and DEACON*) were so afraid somebody'd find out about that statue that they forgot to tell the rest where to come.

SHERIFF. Thin, begorra, ef we can't entertain the others it'll be our duty to entertain ourselves.

JOSIAH. Hurrah! them's my sentiments to a T. Let's sing a song.

SHERIFF. Perhaps Miss Green will favor us.

JOSIAH. Yes, Becky, sing for us.

ALL. Oh, do sing.

BECKY. Wall, ef you insist. (*Sings out of tune, with awkward gestures.*) Won't you be mine, pretty Dick, pretty Dick, etc. (*All exit in disgust.*)

ENTER BECKY with pail—SPECIALTIES.

BECKY. I almost forgot about the lemonade. Everybody'll be so thirsty they won't know what to do. (*Empties bottle of lemon juice in pail, stirs with spoon, gets cup, tastes lemonade, smacks her lips.*) Where be they all? (*Looks around, exit L.*)

ENTER LYNX, U. R.

LYNX. I found the box—it was empty. They have concealed the body, but I, Lynx, the detective, will discover it. Ah! here is an old woman, evidently one of the conspirators. I'll nab her first.

ENTER BECKY.

LYNX. Madam, I must request you to go with me. (*Touches her shoulder.*)

BECKY. How dare you lay your hands on me, you pesky thing. (*Knocks him down with her umbrella.*)

LYNX. (*Comedy fall.*) Aha! violence, eh? I'll arrest her for assaulting an officer. (*Up to BECKY.*)

BECKY. Don't you dare come near me, you nasty varmint. (*Swings umbrella.*)

LYNX. (*Pulling revolver.*) Hands up—

BECKY. Oh! (*Screams.*) Put it away! Put it away! (*Runs off, U. L.*)

LYNX. She's a dangerous character. I'll land her in jail if it costs me life. (*Exit after Becky.*)

ENTER JOHN and FAN., R.

FAN. Oh, look at the old maid runnin'.

JOHN. There's a man after her with a pistol. She's goin' to be shot. Oh, goody, goody.

ENTER SHERIFF, *U. R.*

FAN. Oh, mister, there's a man with a pistol chasin' a woman.

SHERIFF. Where? Where? Faith, yer right. (*Throws off his coat.*) Begorra, if I catch that blackguard I'll brain him. (*Exit U. L.*)

JOHN AND FAN. Hooray fer old Ireland!

JOHN. (*Goes over to pail.*) What's this? (*Tastes.*) Lemonade.

FAN. (*Going through pockets of SHERIFF'S coat.*) What is it?

JOHN. Lemonade—good, too. (*Drinks.*)

FAN. (*Pulls out whisky bottle.*) Oh, see what I found in the coat. (*Smelling, tasting, etc.*) Whisky—aw, what nasty stuff.

JOHN. I tell you what—let's put the whisky in the lemonade.

FAN. Wait till I get some, won't you? Do you suppose I want to get a jag on?

JOHN. Hurry up, then, before they catch us at it.

FAN. (*Drinking.*) I'll do just as I please. (*Fighting, kicking, etc., turns whisky in.*) There now, we'll get the whole crowd drunk. (*Puts bottle back in coat.*)

JOHN. Not the Irishman.

FAN. No, 'cause he takes his straight. Gee, how I'd like to see that goody-goody deacon get loaded clean up to the neck.

JOHN. An' the old maid so paralyzed she couldn't lick us.

FAN. Here comes the deacon. Shut up an' come behind the trees where we can watch 'em. (*Pulls JOHN off L. 2 by ear.*)

ENTER DEACON and JOSIAH, *R.*

JOSIAH. I tell ye, Deacon, that air Irishman is an all-fired nice fellow arter all.

DEACON. Yes, all but his desire for strong drink. What do you think of his offerin' me a drink of whisky? It quite offended my dignity.

JOSIAH. Yes, that must have seemed kind o' strange—*(pause)* to you. I know I wouldn't touch none of the pesky pizen.

DEACON. Where's Becky?

JOSIAH. That's so, she ain't here. *(Sees pail.)* Why, Deacon, she's made some lemonade an' gone to look fer us. It's red lemonade, too; ef it ain't I'll eat my hat.

DEACON. Very thoughtful of Miss Green, to be sure. I'm as dry as a whistle.

JOSIAH. *(Dips cup.)* 'Drink, Deacon, drink. You're drier'n I be.

DEACON. *(Drinks, smacks lips, etc.)* By George, but that's good!

JOSIAH. Have another.

DEACON. Thank ye, I will. *(JOSIAH passing cupful after cupful, which DEACON empties at once and passes for more.)*

JOSIAH. *(Nettled.)* Wal, see here, Deacon, I'm sorry ye're so thirsty, but ye mustn't fergit I'm here, too. *(Drinking.)* Gosh, but that's better'n all the whisky in seven counties. Burns all the way down, too. *(DEACON begins to feel effects of whisky.)* What's the matter, Deacon?

DEACON. *(Holding head.)* Oh, I'm so tired.

JOSIAH. *(Slightly intoxicated.)* You must be all-fired tired to stumble around in that way. Why, jest then I thought I see two of you.

DEACON. Oh, I'm so tired.

JOSIAH. Whoop! Who cares? Hurrah for everybody! Fill 'em up again.

ENTER JOSIE, U. R. *Sees JOSIAH.*

JOSIE. Why, there's father now, and Deacon Whitbeck.

(*Comes down.*) Father! Father! Why, father, don't you know me?

JOSIAH. Don't know ye—don't want to.

DEACON. Oh, I'm so tired.

JOSIE. Gracious! They're intoxicated. To think that my father should ever come to this. I'll have to get a policeman to help them home. (*Exit U. R. DEACON and JOSIAH stumbling around, falling on each other's neck, etc.*)—
TABLEAU.

ENTER SHERIFF, *clothes torn, wheeling BECKY in baby carriage.*

SHERIFF. Begorra, I saved the lady, but I didn't see nary a sign of the blackguard what attacked her. Faith, she must have mistook me fer him, fer she fought like a bulldog, and then she suddenly flopped over in me arms and fainted dead away. But, thank hivin, she's safe now. (*Perceives DEACON and JOSIAH.*) What's the matter with ye all? Is it dumb ye are? (*DEACON and JOSIAH mumble and stumble around.*) Oh, I see—but where did ye get it? Faith, I understood this was to be a temperance crowd at a Sunday-school picnic. (*DEACON and JOSIAH specialties.*) Begorra, I'll have a wee drop meself, after all that exertion.

BECKY. Oh! Oh!

SHERIFF. She's faintin'. I'll give her an eye-opener. Faith, I'll turn some down the lady's throat ef she don't come to pretty soon. (*Goes to coat, feels for bottle. DEACON and JOSIAH sit on stage, etc.*) It's gone. Oh ho! Oh ho! I smell a rat. So there's where they got it, while I was savin' the lady, they was here drinkin' up me whisky on the sly. Begorra, they do be a pretty pair of church deacons. Faith, I've a good notion to throw thim both in the river an' sober 'em up. Hey there—wake up! (*Shakes DEACON and JOSIAH. Enter JOHN and FAN., L. 2.*) Here, you dreadful twins, wake up these terriers while I attind to the lady. (*JOHN and FAN. jump over, kick, etc.*)

BECKY. (*Coming to.*) Where am I?

SHERIFF. Faith, ye're with yer friends, safe and sound. Excuse me fer wheelin' ye here in that thingamajig, but it was the only carriage I could find. Aisy, now, moind the step. (*Helps BECKY out of carriage.*)

BECKY. (*Sees JOSIAH and DEACON.*) Land sakes alive! What's come over the deacon?

SHERIFF. Well, I'll tell ye. They've been standin' in the sun. Faith, that box was too heavy, and the load was too much for 'em.

BECKY. (*Nervous.*) An' no medicine here? Oh, give them some lemonade, quick!

SHERIFF. Begorra, I really don't think it'd be good for 'em—you see they've had too much water—faith, I'm afraid they've had more to drink now than is good for 'em.

BECKY. Oh, I'm so thirsty. Give me a drink. (*Goes to pail. JOHN and FAN., specialties.*)

SHERIFF. (*Interrupts her.*) Faith, it'll be me that'll have that honor. (*Hands her cupful.*)

BECKY. How clamefied you Irishmen be. (*Drinks, spits.*) Oh! Oh! It's pizened. Somebody's pizened the lemonade!

SHERIFF. Pizen! What the deuce shall we do with them? (*Points to JOSIAH and DEACON.*)

BECKY. Get 'em to the river fast as we can, strip off their clothes an' dump 'em in. It'll soak out the pizen. (*She grasps DEACON, SHERIFF takes JOSIAH, and they hustle them off, U. R., followed by JOHN and FAN., yelling and duncing with delight.*)

ENTER LYNX, U. L.

LYNX. Foiled again, but I'm still on their track. (*Looks off R.*) There goes the whole gang. What do I see? They're undressing two of the men. Ah, I under-

stand! The leader has murdered two accomplices and is going to sink the bodies in the river, but I'll circumvent them. I'll secure their clothes and hold them as evidence. Hush! Not a word! (*Exit U. R.*)

ENTER MRS. B., *R. 2.*

MRS. B. I wonder if he's attending to business, or drinking up the money I advanced him. I'll wait around and see if he puts in an appearance. (*Specialty. Exit L. 2.*)

ENTER LYNX, *U. R., with clothes.*

LYNX. I've secured the clothes. Now I'll take them to headquarters to be marked for identification. Hush! Not a word! (*Exit U. L. Noise outside—Hey! Hey! Stop, thief!*)

SHERIFF. (*Runs on R.*) Where did he go? I'll teach him to steal clothes. (*Exit U. C.*)

ENTER BECKY, *U. R.*

BECKY. Gracious! What a desperate thief that must be! He's bound to steal something. I'll have to rig up somethin' fer them boys ter wear. They certainly can't go home in that condition.

JOSIAH. (*Heard on R.*) Who stole my clothes?

DEACON. (*Heard out of next entrance.*) I want my clothes.

JOHN AND FAN. (*Run on U. L., point to J. and D.*) Yah! Yah! Rubber!

BECKY. (*To TWINS.*) Keep quiet, can't ye? (*To JOSIAH and DEACON.*) Now, you boys, get in them bushes where nobody can see you, an' I'll get you some clothes. (*Exit U. R.*)

JOHN. Ain't it fun?

FAN. Shut up, or you'll give the whole snap away. (*JOHN and FAN. yell, dance, etc.*)

ENTER JOSIAH and DEACON, *U. R., each with table-cloths round them.*

DEACON Oh, I'm so tired.

BECKY. (*To TWINS.*) Stop, or I'll knock yer heads together. (*To DEACON.*) I'm sorry, Deacon, but it's the best I could do.

JOSIAH. We nearly had to go home in a barrel.

ENTER MRS. B., *L. 2, sees JOHN and FAN.*

MRS. B. Why, what are you doing here?

JOHN AND FAN. Nuffin.

MRS. B. Come away from these gypsies at once. (*Takes each by the hand.*)

JOHN AND FAN. (*Hanging back.*) I don't want to go.

BECKY. Let go them children, you brazen thing.

MRS. B. Well, I guess I have a right to my own children.

BECKY. Your children! Wall, goodness gracious, how she can lie!

DEACON. Oh, I'm so tired.

JOSIAH. That's all very well fer you ter talk about them bein' your children, but by ginger you jest let go of 'em quick, 'fore I hand you over to a police ossifer. (*Takes TWINS away from her.*)

MRS. B. The very idea! How dare you take my own children away from me?

JOSIAH. There, that'll do, madam. You'll only make matters worse by sayin' any more. The best thing you can do is to skedaddle, and that mighty quick, too.

BECKY. That means go! Do you understand?

MRS. B. Yes, I will go. I'll go to the police station and have you all arrested for kidnappins. (*Goes up L., runs into SHERIFF as he enters U. L.*)

SHERIFF. (*Holds foot, jumps around.*) Howly murther of Moses!

MRS. B. Another member of the gang! (*Exit U. L.*)

SHERIFF. Another member of the gang? What does she mean? (*Comes down.*) That fellow run wid them clothes faster than the divil on horseback.

JOSIAH. Never mind, Sheriff, Becky has furnished us with the means to git home, an' I guess them old clothes won't do him much good, anyhow.

SHERIFF. Oh, ho! Ye look like two cannibals.

DEACON. Oh, I'm so tired.

JOSIAH. By gosh, we're all tired. Let's sing a song an' go home. (*Sings badly.*) John Brown's Body, etc.

BECKY. Josiah, we all feel bad enough now. Hadn't you better sing something more cheerful?

JOSIAH. Don't care if I do. Chorus: "Comedy Four Medley." FINALE.

ACT III.

SCENE. *Same as ACT I. FANNY discovered in center door.*

ENTER JOSIAH, *L.*, head bandaged, to music of "*Oh, What a Difference in the Morning.*"

JOSIAH. Oh, my back! Oh, my leg! Oh, my head! Oh, what a picnic that was. Wal, I'll be gosh hanged ef I want any more in mine. I know when I've got enough. It's the strangest thing about that cuss what follered me home. I can't go out doors but what he's right at my heels, an' I can't even go near a window, but what I see him watchin' me from the outside. I wish I had a shotgun—I'd fill him so full of buckshot that he'd fetch a right smart price fer old lead. Gosh, he's worse'n a—But how'm I goin' to get rid of him?—that's the question.

ENTER RASTUS, C.

RASTUS. Mornin', sah.

JOSIAH. Gosh, how you scared me. I thought you was somebody else. Now, what do you want?

RASTUS. I done come up to see if you wanted any help.

JOSIAH. No, I don't want nobody. Ef I get in much more trouble, I'll have to close up shop an' go to the hospital. If it gets much worse, they may take me to the lunatic asylum. Anyhow, I won't need no help to git to either place.

RASTUS. Den you can't give me no job.

JOSIAH. Course I can't.

RASTUS. Den I reckon I better git out.

JOSIAH. That's about the only thing fer you to do. (RASTUS *going*.) Hold on thar, one minute—be you strong?

RASTUS. Course I'se strong.

JOSIAH. Strong, eh? Could you lick me?

RASTUS. (*Aside*.) He must a done gone clean out'n his head. (*To JOSIAH*.) I reckon I could try it, sah.

JOSIAH. Then I'll hire you. You can go right to work.

RASTUS. All right, sah, what doin'?

JOSIAH. You can sit right down in that chair and wait.

RASTUS. Dat's a funny kind of a job.

JOSIAH. You may not find it so funny before you git through. Now, I want you to sit thar an' watch that door like a hawk, an' ef you see any suspicious lookin' characters come in, you jest fire 'em out. Do ye hear?

RASTUS. Yas, sah, I hears.

JOSIAH. Thar's a man been follerin' me around, an' I mean to stop it. Mind ye don't let him fool ye by comin' in lookin' like somebody else.

RASTUS. No, sah, I reckon I'll know him when I see him.

JOSIAH. He might even wear a dress like a woman,

might even try to make you think he was me an' owned this house. But you jest don't let him fool you—yōu put him out quicker'n he came in.

RASTUS. Yas, sah, I put him out.

JOSIAH. Gosh, I got so worked up I ain't had no break-fast. I guess I'll go an' get some. Oh, my back! Oh, my leg! Oh, my head! (*Exit.*)

RASTUS. Now, I'm in fer it. Supposin' dis yeh man is bigger'n me, how's I goin' ter put him out? (*Listens, noise R.*) Yah he come! Yah he come!

ENTER JOHN and FAN., R.

BOTH. Oh, look at the coon.

RASTUS. Who you callin' a coon? (*Chases them around and off R. Exit.*) I'd like to see anybody call me a coon. (*Plays on instruments.*)

ENTER JOSIE, C.

JOSIE. Ah, one of the servants. (*To RASTUS.*) Does Josiah Brown live here?

RASTUS. What you want to know fer?

JOSIE. Because I want to see him.

RASTUS. What fer?

JOSIE. The most natural thing in the world. He's my father.

RASTUS. Oh, dat's an' old gag.

JOSIE. Gag! How dare you?

RASTUS. Scuse me, missus, but I'se got to be careful. You may be one of dem s'picious characters.

JOSIE. Why, what do you mean?

RASTUS. Never mind what I means. I know my business.

JOSIE. You impudent scoundrel! My father at once!

RASTUS. Am you a man in a woman's dress?

JOSIE. This is my father's house, and those are my musical instruments.

RASTUS. See heah, jes' play on dem instruments and prove it to me dey's yours. (*Specialty.*)

JOSIE. Now, call my father at once.

RASTUS. Yas'm. I reckon you ain't no s'picious character after all. (*Exit door L.*)

JOSIE. I little suspected I would have all this trouble when I started to pay my father a visit.

ENTER RASTUS, *L.*

RASTUS. He ain't yah, missus, but I done reckon he won't be gone long.

JOSIE. I'll wait in the library. Let me know as soon as he returns. (*Exit door R.*)

RASTUS. I guess he must a been dreamin' 'bout dat s'picious character. I ain't seen none.

ENTER JOSIAH, *C.*

JOSIAH. Still waitin'?

RASTUS. Course I'se waitin'. (*Aside.*) Dat's de s'picious character.

JOSIAH. Wall, you needn't wait no longer.

RASTUS. (*Aside.*) Dat's him. He done look a powerful sight like Massa Brown.

JOSIAH. Well, well, I said you could go.

RASTUS. I heard you. But I done reckon you'll be de fust to go. (*Grabs JOSIAH, runs him off C.*) Dat's de way I treat s'picious characters.

RE-ENTER JOSIAH.

JOSIAH. Stop it! Stop it! Don't touch me. You're too much of a good thing. Now, you get right out.

RASTUS. Deed, massa, I didn't know it was you.

JOSIAH. That's a mighty thin excuse, but I suppose I'll

have to swallow it. Now, you jest quit yer monkey shines an' git upon that chair quicker'n greased lightning. (RASTUS dresses, JOSIAH puts sheet around him.) Now do you know what you are? Well, you're a statue of Minervy. The one we bought fer the parson's wife was busted all to pieces bringin' it here from Indian Bend; so to save Becky's queer feelin's you've got to be Minervy long enough to be inspected by the committee; and mind you don't move a muscle or you'll spile the whole business. (Fixes sheet.) There, now, you stand perfectly still till I tell you to get down.

ENTER JOHN and FAN, and look on.

RASTUS. How's I gwine to keep still wid de flies an' mosquitoes botherin' me all the time?

JOSIAH. Keep quiet, here they come.

ENTER BECKY and SHERIFF, C.

JOSIAH. Mornin', Sheriff; mornin', Becky. Why, where's the Deacon?

BECKY. We stopped at the Deacon's on the way over. He's still sick from the pizenin' he got yesterday. Thinks it's goin' to turn into paralysis.

SHERIFF. Serves him right fer gettin' paralyzed on my whisky.

BECKY. Why, Josiah, where's the statue? (JOSIAH points to RASTUS.)

BECKY. And is that a statue of Minervy?

SHERIFF. Begorra, she couldn't a been noted fer her beauty.

BECKY. I never knew afore that Minervy was black.

SHERIFF. Didn't ye? Faith, I knew that all me life.

BECKY. Now, ef I'd a known that, I'd a voted to git her a new baby carriage instead of the statue.

JOSIAH. Now, ef you'll jest step into the dinin' room

we'll have a cup of tea, while we decide what to do about the statue.

BECKY. It may seem foolish, but (*going*) do you know, I could almost swear I saw that statue move. (*Exit L., followed by SHERIFF. JOSIAH shakes fist at RASTUS, exit L. JOHN and FAN. exit.*)

ENTER LYNX, C.

LYNX. Aha! I've tracked the gang to this house. Now, I'll capture them all. (*Sees RASTUS, inspects him.*) Hum! It's the leader of the gang. He's disguised himself to throw me off his track. But I, Lynx, the detective, am not to be thrown off. Hush! Not a word!

RASTUS. I ain't sayin' nuffin', am I?

LYNX. Hush! You must come with me.

RASTUS. What do I want to go with you fer?

LYNX. Resistance will be useless.

RASTUS. (*With razor, at door. Yells. Exit C.*)

LYNX. I am here. (*Exit C.*)

ENTER JOHN and FAN. R., with glue-pot and newspaper.

JOHN. What shall we do with the glue?

FAN. Why, stick something, of course. Did you think we was goin' to eat it?

JOHN. An' forget it?

FAN. Gimme that glue-pot.

JOHN. I won't either. (*FANNY Grabs it, kicks his shins. JOHN yells.*) Oh!

FAN. (*Daubs seat of chair, draws chair by table and newspaper on table.*) There, now, the first one that goes to rubber-neckin' around for that paper will sit down there and get stuck fast.

ENTER LYNX, C.

LYNX. Hush! Not a word! (*JOHN and FAN. laugh and guy.*) I must arrest somebody. I'll arrest these chil-

dren. They'll turn state's evidence against the rest of the gang. (*Grabs JOHN and FAN.*) Caught at last! (*Kicking him, etc., whirl him around, comedy fall.* JOHN and FAN. *exit door R.*) Foiled again—but I'm still on their track. I'll conceal myself. Hush! Not a word! (*Hides behind sofa, Specialty, LYNX.*)

ENTER SHERIFF, *door L.*

SHERIFF. Faith, I'm sweatin' like a purpose—that dinin' room is as hot as an oven. Begorra, there's the mornin' paper. I wonder what's the news. (*Sits in chair, with newspaper.*)

LYNX. (*Coming down.*) Hush! Not a word!

SHERIFF. Faith, I'm dumb as an oyster about the matter.

LYNX. I have tracked you to this house.

SHERIFF. Ye don't say? Begorra, have ye enjoyed yourself?

LYNX. Where is her body?

SHERIFF. What's he talkin' about?

LYNX. Where's the bodies of your two—

SHERIFF. Faith, the mon is crazy. I'll have to put him out. (*Rising, aside.*) Faith, I'm stuck. Somebody must have left their Tuttie Fruth chewing gum on the chair. (*Trying to get loose.*)

LYNX. Resistance is useless. I have you in my power.

SHERIFF. (*Aside.*) I should say he had, unless I ruin me best Sunday go-to-meetin' pants by pulling meself loose.

LYNX. You must come with me.

SHERIFF. I'm much obliged to ye, but to tell ye the truth I'd rather stay here; ye see I'm quite stuck on this place.

LYNX. (*Aside.*) He's the coolest rascal I ever saw. (*To SHERIFF.*) I command you to accompany me, Sheriff.

SHERIFF. He's crazy as a bedbug.

LYNX. Hush! Not a word!

SHERIFF. (*Aside.*) I suppose any minute he's liable to jump at me an' tear me eyes out.

LYNX. Where are your accomplices?

SHERIFF. (*Aside.*) I'll have to jolly him. (*To LYNX.*) Your wastin' your time talkin' about them—you see they are all dead.

LYNX. Dead! And you confess it?

SHERIFF. (*Aside.*) I wish I was out of here.

LYNX. Double-dyed villain!

SHERIFF. (*Aside.*) I'll have to make a break.

LYNX. Reveal to me the spot and I'll spare your life.

SHERIFF. Faith, I'll go ye. Meet me by moonlight alone.

LYNX. (*Aside.*) He's laying a trap for my life, but I am too much for him. I, LYNX, the detective. (*SHERIFF Runs off C., holding chair.*)

LYNX. Remember, I am here. (*Exit C.*)

ENTER JOHN and FAN., *door R., with rope and flypaper and kazoos.*

FAN. Oh, hurry up.

JOHN. Ain't I hurrin'?

FAN. Don't you sass me.

JOHN. Oh, shut up.

FAN. What? (*Slaps him. Fighting.*) Aw, what's the use of scrappin'? Come on and help me fix this rope. (*Tying rope in front of door, L., puts flypaper on table.*) Now, let's make all the noise we can, and when he chases us we'll get on the other side of the table so he'll get stuck on the flypaper. (*Blowing kazoos, hide behind chairs.*)

JOSIAH. (*At door C.*) What in darnation is all this noise about? Sounds like a gutter band. (*Falls over rope.*) Gosh. Now, what have I struck? (*JOHN and FAN. laugh.*)

Oh, it's you, is it? Come here to me an' I'll warm your jackets fer you. (JOHN and FAN. *laugh. Chasing them.*) Trip me up, will ye? Come out from behind that table. Do you hear me? Well, gosh all hemlocks, durn the pesky stuff. (*With flypaper.*)

FAN. Oh, you're awfully stuck up, ain't you?

JOHN. Stick to it and you'll be all right.

JOSIAH. Just wait till I get off. I won't do a thing to you blasted brats. (JOHN and FAN. *laugh.*) Stick! darn you, stick! Stick till the cows come home. (*Exit L. JOHN and FAN. laugh.*)

FAN. (*At window.*) Here comes the Deacon.

JOHN. Let's trip him up.

FAN. All right. (*Placing rope before door C.*)

ENTER DEACON, C. *Falls over.* JOHN and FAN. *guy and laugh.*

DEACON. Children, aren't you ashamed to play tricks on a poor old man with one foot in the grave?

FAN. Why don't you put the other foot in the grave, too?

JOHN. His feet are too big to get both in at once.

DEACON. Children! I am dying by inches.

FAN. Why don't you die by feet and have it over quicker.

JOHN. His hair is dyed already.

DEACON. It'll take less than a week for my lower limbs to be paralyzed.

JOHN. It only took you ten minutes yesterday to get paralyzed all over.

FAN. Oh, we'll be good. Come on, Johnny, and help the Deacon to a seat. (*Takes one arm.*)

JOHN. (*Takes other.*) Oh! I'm so sorry. (*To chair, dumps him.*)

DEACON. Oh, I'm so tired. (*Sleepy.*)

FAN. Get the gluepot quick. (JOHN *exit door R.* FAN *tickling* DEACON'S *nose.* *Re-enter* JOHN, *L., with gluepot, glueing his feet to floor.*) Come on before they catch us. (*Both exit R.*)

ENTER BECKY, *door L.*

BECKY. Why, here's the Deacon. Deacon (*shakes him*), tain't good for you to sleep in a chair.

DEACON. Oh, I'm so tired.

BECKY. Well, you jest come right out into the dinin' room an' I'll get you a cup of hot tea.

DEACON. (*Trying to rise.*) Oh, I'm paralyzed.

BECKY. Be ye sure? Can't ye get up? Let me help ye.

DEACON. (*Groaning.*) Send for the doctor.

BECKY. Oh, Josiah, Josiah, quick!

ENTER JOSIAH, *L.*

JOSIAH. What's the difficulty?

BECKY. Why, the Deacon's got a paralytic stroke.

JOSIAH. Ye don't say? Wall, catch hold of him an' we'll carry him over to the sofa. (*BECKY and JOSIAH trying to lift* DEACON.)

DEACON. (*Groans.*) Oh, I'm dying. I know I shall die.

ENTER SHERIFF, *C.*

BECKY. Sheriff, the Deacon's got a paralytic stroke. We can't lift his feet.

SHERIFF. Faith, so have I. Do you know what's the matter wid him? Well, it's glue; plain every day glue.

BECKY. Glue?

JOSIAH. Why, Deacon, yer feet are stuck fast to the floor.

DEACON. Eh?

BECKY. What's that?

JOSIAH. I know who's done this. It's them pesky twins. Just brace yourself till I cut them loose.

DEACON. Oh, don't hurt me—don't hurt me.

JOSIAH. There, now, see if ye can get up.

DEACON. (*Rises.*) I'm all right now.

BECKY. Gracious, but I was scared for a minute (*Up L. with SHERIFF.*)

JOSIAH. (*With DEACON, R.*) Deacon, the time's come when we've got to speak out.

DEACON. What about, Josiah?

JOSIAH. You see ef we don't come to an understanding pretty quick, the Sheriff'll cut us both out.

DEACON. I reckon I stand the best chance of any of you with Becky.

JOSIAH. Not a bit better'n I do. Does he, Becky?

BECKY. What's that?

JOSIAH. Why, which do you think the most of, me or the Deacon?

BECKY. Why, I think just as much of one as I do of the other.

JOSIAH. What did I tell ye? Now, how are we goin' ter decide which gets her?

DEACON. I am opposed to gamblin' in any form, but under the present circumstances the best we can do is to flip up a coin.

JOSIAH. I'll go you, ef I lose. (*Gets coin.*) Which shall it be, heads or tails?

DEACON. Tails.

JOSIAH. All right! Heads I git her, tails you git her. Here goes. (*Flips coin.*) Heads she be. Hooray! I git her—I git her. (*Grabs BECKY.*)

BECKY. Josiah, what's the matter?

JOSIAH. Why, Deacon an' I jest tossed a coin to see which of us should marry you, an' I won. Hooray! Heads I won.

BECKY. Well, that's all very kind of you boys, but the worst of it is, I jest promised to marry the Sheriff.

JOSIAH AND DEACON. What?

SHERIFF. Begorra, she's right, an' a flushin' bride she'll be.

BECKY. An' you bet I'll make you toe the mark ef you have any more of your drinkin' spells.

DEACON. Well, I swan.

JOSIAH. No need of my sayin' how disappointed I be—but I wish you both joy. Bless you, my children.

ENTER LYNX, C.

LYNX. You are all prisoners. The house is surrounded by police, so resistance will be in vain.

JOSIAH. What does all this mean?

LYNX. It means your little game is up; and I, Lynx, the detective, have captured the gang.

BECKY. What gang?

LYNX. A pack of villains headed by Josiah Brown.

JOSIAH. What's the—

LYNX. (*Notebook.*) Get woman out of way—pull off arms and legs—take body in closed carriage to Indian Bend.

JOSIAH. (*Laughs.*) Why, he's talkin' about the statue.

LYNX. What statue?

BECKY. Why, a statue of Minervy we bought fer the Parson's wife.

LYNX. That's all very well, but how are you goin' to account fer the sudden disappearance of Mrs. Brown?

JOSIAH. Sudden disappearance? Why, my wife has been dead fer nigh on to twenty years.

LYNX. (*At SHERIFF.*) I mean his wife.

BECKY. Why, Sheriff, how could you? (*Tears.*)

SHERIFF. Don't mind him, he's crazy. Faith, I've been an old bachelor for forty-seven years.

ENTER MRS. B., C.

LYNX. What, alive?

MRS. B. Very much so, indeed.

JOSIAH I hope you ain't got the nerve to come here tryin' to work that kidnappin' game again.

ENTER JOSIE, R.

JOSIE. Father—

JOSIAH. What, you here? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

JOSIE. Why, father, what do you mean?

JOSIAH. Why, leavin' them twins the way you did.

JOSIE. Why, you know very well I couldn't bring them with me, and I shall not rest a minute till I'm back again.

ENTER SHERIFF *and* BECKY, *door R.*

JOSIAH. Well, you needn't worry on that score for there they are right behind you.

JOSIE. (*Astonished.*) What? (*Turns.*) Why, they are not my children!

JOSIAH. (*Surprised.*) Not your children? Well, whose children are they then?

MRS. B. If you will permit me—

JOSIAH. Madam, you have already been—enough.

JOHN AND FAN. (*To Mrs B.*) Ma, we want to go home.

ALL. What?

MRS. B. Does that convince you that they are my children?

JOSIAH. I see it all now. You can take your children, an' I beg your pardon, an' I want to tell you them kids are thoroughbreds, even if they are to be our Twins.

CURTAIN.

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